THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVI. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, JULY 27, 1916. No. 30

Pac Theo Rum Sem
Berkeley Athenaeum
Pacific Theological Seminary
Berkeley, Calif.

NOT THOU FROM US!

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
"Where is Thy brightness fled?"

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame;
For Thou remainest still the same;
But earth's own vapors earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

—Frederick Tennyson.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There is not absolute prohibition in the State of Washington. The law allows the importation for personal use through permits issued by county officials. Before the present law was in force the annual legal expenditure for liquor in Washington was approximately $35,000,000. Under the permit system the legal expenditure has not reached two and one-half per cent of that amount.

Zion's Herald calls it a suicidal policy—the reduction a few years ago of the price of the Methodist official church papers to one dollar a year. The loss the last quadrennium was $378,284. Nevertheless the last general conference held that the money put up to meet this deficit was well expended. All who have an adequate conception of the value of the press will agree with the general conference.

There is great significance in the fact that the candidates of the national Prohibition Party for President and Vice-President came only a few weeks ago from the Republican and Democratic parties. If the prohibition of the liquor traffic is not brought about by 1920 through the non-partisan effort, there will be a great breaking away at that time from the old parties in support of a party that will make this the dominant issue.

On the 30th of June, 1915, King County, Washington, in which county is the City of Seattle, had 213 persons in the county jail. On the 30th of June, 1916, the number was 55. Spokane County had 105 in 1915 and 41 in 1916. Yakima had 22 in 1915 and 2 in 1916. In Whatcom County the number at that date in 1915 was 14; in 1916 it was 2. For the first six months of 1915 the admissions to the state infirmary at Monroe were 181; for the same period in 1916 they were 99.

It is difficult to buy a second-hand hammer in some of the cities and towns of Washington since the saloons were voted out. Seeking for one recently in Spokane and not finding it a man asked the second-hand dealer to see all his tools, thinking that there might be something that he wanted. The dealer remarked that he did not have many second-and tools since the state went dry, that men generally had good jobs and held on to their tools.

"The Eastern Methodist" is the name of a new church paper published in Philadelphia. L. W. Munhall is one of the editors. The Presbyterian remarks: "To an outsider it looks as though this paper is an effort of the evangelical party in the Methodist Church to maintain and advocate the faith once delivered to the saints, within the circles of Methodism, and to be ready to resist those attacks from liberalism which are at present troubling the whole Church."

Professor Hyslop, a prominent member of the Society for Psychical Research, and a writer of several books on psychic matters, takes the position that the Patience Worth revelations are telepathic or automatic and not from a disembodied spirit. The St. Louis editor who wrote a book recently on the phenomena contends in reply that Patience is a real spirit. Professor Hyslop, however, believes that there has been communication with the spirit world. Like Stead's "Letters from Julia" the Patience Worth utterances are so in detail as to stamp them merely of the earth.

The Rev. Dr. Landrith, the Prohibition candidate for vice-president, is a native of Texas. He resided in Tennessee for many years. At the time of the Christian Endeavor convention in San Francisco in 1897 he made one of the finest of the addresses. He was for many years in the ministry of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and for some time editor of the denominational paper. He had the honor of serving as moderator of the general assembly of that denomination. In Y. M. C. A., Anti-Saloon League and Y. P. S. C. E. work he has been prominent wherever he has been. As a citizen of Nashville, Tenn., he helped in the civic movement that rid the city of grafters; and as president of the Anti-Saloon League he directed a campaign that put the saloon out of the state. For several years he gave most of his time to the Religious Educational Association. Of late he has been editor affield of the Christian Endeavor World, and extension secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. Dr. Landrith is witty and logical as an orator, likable as a man, and has unusual gifts as a pleader for a cause.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Williams, a retired Presbyterian minister whose home is in the East and who spent the winter on the Pacific Coast, who seems to hold to most of the old time beliefs and customs, writes of attending a ministerial association at Spokane where a professor from the Agricultural College at Pullman spoke of the summer school conducted by that institution and urged pastors to attend. Dr. Williams comments as follows: "The notion seems to be prevalent today in some quarters that the pastor of a country church should receive instructions at an agricultural college, in order to discuss inteligently with the farmer the problems of agriculture! Solomon says there is nothing new under the sun. But here is something new. I was brought up in Wisconsin, half a mile from a country church, which was well attended three times every Sabbath. The front seats as well as the back seats were always occupied. I do not think the preachers who preached there for us had ever heard of an agricultural college, but in useful sermons and Scriptural teachings I would be willing to set them against any of the preachers I hear today either in city or country." Blessed the minister of today who has the judgment to lay hold of things both new and old in proper proportion!

Under the caption of "The Wide West" an Eastern man who made recently a trip across the continent writes in The Christian Endeavor World: "One who has not traveled

from Seattle to Los Angeles, and from Los Angeles to San Francisco, or Seattle to the Eastern seaboard, does not really know his America. He may know the boundaries and population and the capital of every State. He may give you and me more encyclopedic information than we could digest in a year; yet, if he has not really crossed the plains and the mountains, he has yet to know America and especially the West. No description, had I the tongue of men or of angels, could do justice to her boundlessness, her immensity, the part she has yet to play in the history of the nation and the world. Like the boundless ocean are these billowy miles of grain, these unending fields of corn, these miles and miles of orchards. Then we come up against the mountains, and cross the deserts, and still the sense of immensity grows on us. Even the sage-brush country is impressive; and when we see flocks of myriads of sheep, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, we feel that the resources of the West are as vast as her territory. No wonder that some Westerners get swell-headed and boastful. I wonder that most of them are so modest. If I lived in the West I fear my hat would not long fit me." Once people spoke frequently of the West as the "Wild West." Now it is the "Wide West."

With nations as well as with individuals every one is looking out for self in a business way. In the frankest and baldest way it has been expressed often. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In order that it might be ascertained what effect certain national compacts would have on the United States Senator James Hamilton Lewis has presented a resolution in the United States Senate having in view some inquiry and research. With reference thereto he says: "My suspicions were awakened when I noted that France and England, within one certain week consummated their proposition to monopolize the trade opportunities of Europe and tendered to the world their suggestions which brought all the present Allies of France and England into a trade understanding as against all other countries. At the same time, and within the same week, there developed on the other side of the world, in Asia, by Japan and Russia, a treaty arrangement that gave to Japan and Russia the control of Asiatic trade and the Asiatic privileges of public affairs as against all other countries. It will be noted that France and England consummated their object, co-operating with their European Allies at the same time their Asiatic Allies—Japan and Russia—consummated their understanding. These matters have been under consideration for a year. When they came forth, they brought with them similar import from Asia and Europe, both in common operating against interests of the United States."

ASPIRATION.

An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust, and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. —R. L. Stevenson.

GIFTS.

Bring tolerance that can kiss and disagree;
Bring virtue, honor; truth and loyalty;
Bring faith that sees with undissembling eyes;
Bring all large loves, and heavenly charities.

—Sidney Lanier.

NOT SO MUCH NEED FOR THE UNITARIAN CHURCHES AS FORMERLY.

About fifteen years ago the Rev. Francis Watry was in in the Congregational ministry in California for a short time. Our impression is that he came to us from Roman Catholicism. Mr. Watry soon found that Unitarianism suited him better than Congregationalism, and for the last fifteen years he has been working successfully in California with that denomination.

A recent issue of The Christian Register, which is published in Boston, contained an address given by Mr. Watry at the annual meeting of the Unitarian Association at Long Beach. It sketches the Unitarian work on the Pacific Coast. We quote a paragraph or two:

"The Pacific coast is a country of magnificent distances. From our most North-western church in Bellingham, Wash., to our most South-western church in San Diego, Cal.,—the one at the North-western corner and the other at the South-western corner of the United States,—is a magnificent distance. And from the Rocky Mountains to the sea is not a mean distance, either. Over that vast territory there are spread a little more than thirty Unitarian churches. There is only one city on the Pacific coast that has two Unitarian churches: that is Seattle. All the others, even the largest cities, have only one ach. San Francisco and Los Angeles, two thriving cities, can manage to have, so far at least, only one Unitarian church each. There are four cities—that is, the cities clustered around San Francisco Bay—where four churches are in proximity to each other,—San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley. All the others are good distances apart. One result is that we Unitarian ministers do not see much of each other. I have served the church at Santa Ana for twelve years and the church at Long Beach in connection with it for nearly three years. During the twelve years in Santa Ana I have had only seven exchanges with brother ministers."

Mr. Watry evidently regrets the slow growth of Unitarianism. He continues:

"When I had the privilege of coming into the Unitarian body, some fifteen years ago, I remember I spoke to Mr. Murdock, our present field secretary on the Pacific coast, and at that time he said we had only ten churches in California. I said that I thought within ten years we ough to have a hundred: the Unitarian thought seemed reasonable to me, so reverent in its attitude, so acceptable to any mind and heart that had an open doorway into it that I thought that all that was necessary was to present it to people and they could not help accepting. But Mr. Murdock smiled his gentle smile, as much as to say, 'You wait another ten years, and we will see how much you will have accomplished with us.' We have not a hundred churches in California now; but we have more than we had then, and I sometimes doubt if it is a good thing to multiply our churches very fast. I believe that the chief opportunity, the chief privilege and the duty also, as was pointed out here so beautifully this morning,—I think that the chief of all is to publish our word and our thought to those who are ready for it.

"If there is any peculiarity on the Pacific Coast, it is the fact that Orthodoxy is the most orthodox Orthodoxy under God's sun. And, on the other hand, liberalism so called is the most indifferent under the sun. I don't like the word 'liberal,' because it is so abused. Every one who has some idea that he is an advanced thinker when he can deny the existence of God and everything else calls

himself liberal. I therefore believe that we have more indifferent people than liberal people on the Pacific coast. but the reason for that is that people have not found themthemselves. They have gotten out of the old churches, and they do not realize that they are not unbelievers, not infidels, not sceptics or anything of that sort; that most of them have more religion than those who have remained in the churches, but there has never been anybody anywhere to break unto them the bread of life.

"I think many of us who have come out of the old churches could speak from experience when we say this—that we have gone through the larger part of life without knowing that there were people who held the same views that we have held for many years, and agonized and agonized for many years, and were not able to find our way, because there was no one to show us that there were others who had the same ideas that we had as to the great fundamentals of the religious life. Our great opportunity on the Pacific coast—and I don't know but it is in other places, too—is to go forth and bring our message to those waiting souls who need to find some one who can sympathize with them and show them that they are not unbelievers, not infidels, not outcasts, but children of God, and that they can come into the kingdom in their own way.

"Oh for another hundred years to bring that message to the Pacific coast, to the people who are waiting for it!"

We do not expect to see on the Pacific coast very much increase in Unitarianism, if any. When one goes right down to the bottom facts, Unitarians are not so different from Congregationalists and Presbyterians and Methodists and others as some people think they are.

The Editor of The Pacific recalls an experience of his when he was pastor of a church in Washington some years ago. There was in the community a man of fine character, —a praying man all his life, who thought that he was a Unitarian and could not come into membership in the Congregational Church. When he was asked whether he did not accept the Scripture statements that Jesus was "God manifest in the flesh;" "the express image of the invisible God"—that he was all that it was possible for God to be in human form;—that he was unique, different in ways inexplicable from the greatest and best of men that might be named all through the centuries, he replied that he did so estimate him, and that he was ever striving to make him the guide of his life.

The church was a home missionary church; the pastor did not wish to act unadvisedly and recommend to the church that the man be received to membership; and so the case was referred to Dr. R. A. Beard who was at tha time the home missionary superintendent in Washington. The outcome was that the church voted unanimously to welcome this man into its fellowship. Twenty-seven years ago that was unusual; it isn't unusual today. There is scarcely a church where today there would be any hesitancy about receiving a person holding his position. The facts are that there is far less call for Unitarian churches than there has been in the past.

We should not be taken, however, as saying by this that there is no difference between the Unitarian and the most liberal of the evangelical churches. But in every consideration it should be remembered that there are Unitarians and Unitarians—that is that they differ considerably in their own ranks.

An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.—Amiel.

LOOKING BACKWARD. V.

Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1892.

On the 24th of February the word from Spokane, Washington, was: "The First Congregational Church feels keenly the loss of Dr. Beard who has just handed in his resignation.* * * His physician has ordered him to stop preaching and go East for treatment. Later in the year Rev. Mahlon Willett was called from Santa Cruz to be his successor. Dr. Beard's Spokane pastorate, from which the church in that rapidly growing little city was expecting so much, was brief, only about six months in duration. But soon in the East he was restored to health, served with great success influential churches at Nashua, New Hampshire, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, also the National Home Missionary Society as New England Secretary, and now at Fargo, North Dakota, has been pastor for several years of the church which he served as pastor before going to the Home Missionary Superintendency in Washington.

The Pacific for July 6 mentioned the organization of the North Church, of Berkeley, with this note: "The new church is indebted in no small measure to Rev. O. G. May."

The Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown came in August from the First Church of Tacoma to First, San Francisco. In a paper read by him at his installation in November he stated: "I have not found in all that the critics have written any sufficient evidence to disturb my opinion of the Mosaic authorship; nor do I believe that these was a second Isaiah."

On the 18th of October Dr. Holbrook and wife of Stockton celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. "Erect as if weight of years was no burden, radiant as if flushed again with the glow of brighter years, they greeted their many friends who came to extend congratulations and to bestow their golden tributes of respect and love."

In the evening of a week in November "friends of missions gathered in the parlors of First Church, Tacoma, to do honor to the first missionaries to set sail from Puget Sound and Tacoma." * * * "Indian Agent Eells introduced Rev. J. E. Walker and carried us back to the days when their parents together made their wedding tour to the northwestern country."

About the middle of December the First Church of Tacoma announced that it was "happy and at peace with all the earth." Dr. Hallock had just come to them from Maine. A further statement was: "Perhaps no man was ever called to a more united people or to one which was so eager to help carry on the work of the church. Left pastorless just after a mighty revival in which nearly two hundred had been added to the church, before they had themselves learned to know the meaning of their consecration, and before the members knew them all by name or recognized their faces, it is no wonder if many have slipped from our grasp and wandered as sheep without a shepherd."

It was late in the year 1892 that the First Congregational Church of Redlands invited to the pastorate the Rev. Dr. John H. Williams of Kansas City and made possible that memorable service of twenty years.

Among the announcements on the 14th of December was this: "Miss Lydia Gertrude Barker, daughter of Deacon James L. Barker of Berkeley left yesterday for Moody's Training School in Chicago where she will remain under the tuition of Mrs. Capron who for many years was a missionary in India. There Miss Barker will fit herself for

missionary work in India. * * *Her father will support her in the field."

B. Fay Mills Visits the Room in Which He Was Converted.

It was in July, August, and September 1892 that the memorable evangelistic meetings conducted by B. Fay Mills in San Francisco were held. The Pacific for September the 7th contained an account of a visit by Mr. Mills and others to the place at number 7 Mason street where he had been converted seventeen years before. The writer of the article says: "At the close of the last of the afternoon meetings in the First Congregational church Mr. Mills laid his hand on my arm and said, 'Now I am going to visit my birth-place.' Mrs. Mills joined us at the door and we walked to the house only a few blocks from the church. The talk on the way was reminiscent. Mr. Mills remarked: 'With an aching heart I often walked this street wishing some one would speak to me about my soul. But no one in this city ever said a word to me on the subject of my salvation."

"As we approached the house near Market street he said: 'I am going to bring my old friend in and introduce him to you,' addressing both Mrs. Mills and myself; or, he added with a smile, 'Shall I take you into his saloon and introduce you there?' The saloon-keeper with whom Mr. Mills associated as a boon companion in those days of sin is still in business (1892) at the old stand next door to the house where Mr. Mills had his room. Mr. Mills called on him soon after coming to the city in July to invite him to the meetings and to give his heart to God; and indeed he did attend many of the meetings but without further result so far as known. Mr. Mills went into the saloon and in a minute returned leading Mr. Hough, the saloon-keeper, by the arm and introduced him as 'my old friend of whom I have told you'; remarking, 'we were often together, seventeen years ago and now I want him to give his heart to God.' Mr. Hough smiled and said: 'I never expected in those days you would be a preacher.' "

The woman of the house welcomed the party and cheerfully gave permission for them to go to the room where Mr. Mills had given his heart to God. It was a small room, not large enough for chairs for all, and seated on the bed Mr. Mills said: "This is the most sacred spot on earth to me." Then he turned to his old companion and with tender entreaty: "Come John, this also may be the place of your birth into the kingdom."

It was a scene not soon to be forgotten, says the writer of the story, as the evangelist of world-wide fame sat there pleading with one whom he had known in sin to surrender to God.

But the saloon had been left without any one to care for it and soon the owner arose and excused himself. Then Mr. Mills told the story of his conversion.

He had been gambling and had won a large sum of money—enough to pay his debts and have a large sum left —and had started for the door with the intention of leaving the place while he could carry his winnings away with him. While his hand was on the latch some one called to him and asked the loan of a small sum. Mr. Mills handed him the money and turned back to watch the new game. He soon became interested, took a hand himself and in a short time had lost every cent.

When again he rose to go out no one called him back. Utterly hopeless and dejected he sought his room determined to end his life. Arrived at his room he flung himself on the bed in utter despair. As he did so the had of the bed jarred and shook a shelf just above it and a book fell upon his head. In anger he seized the book and flung it into the farther corner of the room; but as he flung it he recognized it as a book of Psalms given him by his brother. Chiding himself for having so abused the gift he arose and picked up the book. It was open and he was seized with a desire to see what was on the pages thus opened up. Lighting the gas his eyes fell on the 42d Psalm, on the words: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

Trembling with emotion he said aloud: "Can this be for me? Shall I yet praise God?" Then there came a vision of his praying mother 3000 miles away. The godly training of his childhood massed all its forces in that decisive moment and swept over him with tidal power. Crying out "O Mother, O God! Shall it ever be that I shall praise thee? My soul is cast down and disquited in me, thou knowest. May I yet hope in God. Is there hope for me? Then I will begin to hope now, and I will praise thee now and here." He fell upon his knees and began to pour out his soul to God and soon the transformation came.

The writer of the Pacific article says that it was a unique experience to kneel with Mr. Mills in that room of transformation. The prayer which Mr. Mills uttered then he tells us that he wrote out as soon as he reached his home, constituting as it did "a most valuable chapter in the spiritual history of one whom God has so greatly honored in the conversion of thousands.

A sensational account of that visit to that old room appeared in the daily papers, and this prayer was given in The Pacific "as the best possible illustration of the spirit and intention of what actually transpired when after seventeen years Mr. Mills revisited the scene of his spiritual birth." The prayer as the one who heard it could recall it was:

"O God, I thank thee for the privilege of coming back to this sacred place where I gave my life to thee, and where thy mercy was revealed in washing away my sins. When I was on the verge of despair, looking into the very blackness of darkness, thou didst reach out thy hand and save me. I might have been a lost soul in hell today but for thy saving mercy. And now I thank thee that thou didst spare me and that I am permitted to come back here having all that can be dear to the heart of man! Thou hast forgiven my sins,, and I will not ask thee again to forgive them. But I will thank thee to all eternity that thou hast forgiven them. Bless our friend who has received us with such kind hospitality; and my old friend of former years who was here just now. Touch his heart if it be possible, Lord, that he may give it to thee and may give up that miserable business Bless all those whom my life in sin here used to touch, and cause so far as possible that no evil influence of mine may prevail or be remembered to the injury of any soul. O God, I have given myself to thee. I can do no more except to renew the gft; and I do here and now, Almighty God, to the last drop of my blood, give myself, soul and body, to thee to be used in thy service. Do with me whatsoever pleaseth thee. I thank thee for a Christian mother whose influence from afar reached me in this sacred place. Eternity will be too short, O God, to praise thee for all thy mercies to me. May I go forth from this place, and may they who bow with me go forth newly baptized of the Holy Spirit for service. In thy name Jesus Christ our Lord we ask it.—Amen."

Denominational College Discussions in Washington.

In a former article mention was made of the movements to establish denominational colleges in the rapidly growing new state of Washington.

On the 10th of February the present writer, in a letter from Seattle to The Pacific, wrote that the Olympic University project was not dead, but that recent events indicated that it would soon be taken up again and pushed to accomplishment. "The trustees about a year ago fixed on the capital of the state as the location for the university, and had it not been for financial stringency throughout the country, academic work would have been commenced there last fall, and arrangements would have been made for the erection of commodious buildings and the commencement of regular college work in the fall of 1892.

"When the University matter is taken up again it will undoubtedly receive the encouragement of our people in general. The uget Sound country has a very friendly feeling for Whitman College. The people resident on the Sound desire the lasting success of the institution at Walla Walla intended as a monument for the heroic Dr. Marcus Whitman who first brought here "the white man's book of God," and who saved "the Oregon Country" to the Republic. But the Sound is distant from that educational institution nearly 400 miles; and here on this great inland sea, it is the opinion of far-sighted men, is to be one of the greatest cities on the continent, and all around it one of the most densely populated regions of country.

"What wonder, therefore, that the people of Western Washington should desire to lay here soon the foundations of an educational institution which will help to put the right stamp on our rapidly advancing civilization?"

Early in March the Rev. Jonathan Edwards wrote from Walla Walla:

"It seems to me that no other institution of learning can appeal to all the people of the Pacific Coast as Whitman College can.* * *

"Whitman's solitary ride of 4000 miles in order to save the great Northwest territory to the United States is one of the most poetic and dramatic episodes of American history. It has proved to be worth to our country more than all the money that has been given to missionary enterprises.

"Should the Puget Sound cities become the great ports of Asia, and the ships of commerce drift from Seattle and Tacoma over the Japan current to the Flowery Isles and China, should the lumber, coal, minerals, and wheatfields of Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Idaho at last compel these cities to rival New York and Boston, the populous empire will owe to the patrotic missionary zeal of Dr. Whitman a debt which it can only pay in honor and love."

The last of April a committee on Education of which the Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, now president of Whitman, reported to the Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association:

"The conditions in Whitman College are very encouraging. The choice of a new president has resulted most fortunately for the college, and the Rev. James F. Eaton is opening a new epoch in the administration. We congratulate the trustees upon their wise selection, which promises to make of Whitman College a representative Congregational institution, and we gratefully recognize the providence of God in the direction of its affairs. The reorganization of the college has proceeded with gratifying speed and thoroughness.* * * The interest which the Congregational churches have so long taken in the affairs of Whitman College may well be crowned with pride at the present rapid rate of improvement.* * * We appeal to the churches to meet the trustees half way in the work of reorganizing Whitman College upon lines of broader usefulness."

A few weeks later, at a meeting of the board of trustees an advisory committee of twelve was selected, covering all parts of the Pacific Northwest, on which were Messrs. Lawrence Coleman of Seattle and A. N. Fitch of Tacoma, two of the men having part in the movement to establish a college on Puget Sound.

This was at the Commencement time, and the statement in The Pacific was: "Whitman's prospects are brighter than ever before.* * *The new president proves to be the right man in the right place."

A HYMN OF GOD'S MOUNTAINS.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—Psalm 121:1.

The Pacific commends to the Northern California Congregational Conference in annual session this week in Yosemite this Hymn of God's Mountains by John A. Shedd in the New York Christian Advocate:

Come with me and see the glory of God's mountains.

Thy footstool of rocks, the eye of man hath never seen, thy ancient foundations are of the Beginning.

Thy royal hills wear bright regal robes. Hemlocks of grace, lordly pines, the beauty of the elm, the mighty strength of the oak, all these and more are draped upon thy granite shoulders O Mountains of God!

Look up! Behold the rich tapestries of clouds, woven on the looms of Heaven, the handiwork of majestic fingers, royal purples, cerulean blues; rich reds and woolly whites, shot through with threads of golden fire, all from Thy palette, O Artist Everlasting!

Behold! The crown of the Mountain! Snows eternal glisten in it, lightning flashes play around it.

Listen to the music of the King all glorious! Heaven's organ is playing. Hear the thunder, peal on peal.

Hark! 'Tis ten thousand birds chorusing anthems in leafy choirlofts of vivid green.

A thousand crystal brooks tinkle over mossy banks, a score of waterfalls sing their parts, while millions of water diamonds sparkle a moment and are lost forever.

See the clouds of mists float sparkling in the sun, as incense before the altar.

O Brooks! O Waterfalls! You have been singing every day and every night for ten thousand years, and yet you are not weary, for you are from the hand of Him who is never tired.

The carpets of thy palace courts, O Mountain, are the green velvets of mosses, sprinkled with ten thousand ferns and flowers.

Thou art the birthplace of Liberty, O Mountains, and thou art still her abiding place! Thou art, O Hills, the home of Nature undefiled.

I have seen the glory and wonder of God's mountains!

What is man in the presence of thy Mountains? O King Eternal!

What are our tiny labors before the mighty works of God's fingers?

When I forget Thy beauty, Thy power or Thy might, I will climb up to Thy hills, O God, Maker of Mountains!

Thou hast planted my feet upon the Rock Immortal, and I am safe forever more: in the fortress of Thy hills I am secure.

YU AI KAI, MISS MICHI KAWAI, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL AND A SILKEN FLAG.

The above is not an attempt at vers libre.

But it is poetry when its meaning is illuminated.

Without a doubt there is need of a key and the help of a glossary. In English the Japanese word Kai means a Society. If the guess were ventured that Yu and Ai meant "You and I," the spirit of the terms really would be foreshadowed; but there is a deeper and more beautiful interpretation than this liberal rendering, which will disclose itself later. Concerning knowledge of Miss Michi Kawai no guess may be hazarded, for Miss Kawai is too distinct a personality, fills too important an office and ranks too highly as a national leader to be thought about in any uncertain way. She is the exponent and result of the intermingling of two streams of thought, education and influence that flow, one from the East and one from the West. She was born in Japan, the daugther of a Shinto priest who was the representative of the fortieth generation of a family who had officiated at a shrine in Ise, the Mecca of Shintoism in Japan. During her childhood the family moved to Hokkaido, came under the influence of Christian missionaries and accepted the new faith. Miss Kawaii was placed in an American Mission School, the Agricultural College in Sapporo, where her unusual ability was recognized by Dr. Nitobe and through his advice she was sent to America for higher education. She won the scholarship open to Japanese women at Bryn Mawr and graduated from there in 1904.

While attending a Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association at Silver Bay, the vision came to her of what such a work might accomplish for girls in her own land. The vision had come to others also, and upon her return home Miss Kawai found that a Young Women's Christian Association had been already organized. With enthusiasm she gave herself to the work, became a member of its National Committee and the loved leader of its Summer Conference for students. At the time of the World's Convention of the Y. W. C. A. at Berlin, Miss Kawai presented an address on "The place of the Young Women's Christian Association in the Missionary Awakening," spending the greater part of a year in England in its preparation at the invitation of the program committee.

In 1913 Miss Kawai was called to the National leadership of the Y. W. C. A. in Japan. Last year the National Board of America invited her to attend the Biennial Convention in Los Angeles and to spend some months in investigating the condition of Japanese women on the Pacific Coast The past Winter was devoted to study in New York City, and just at this time Miss Kawai is staying for a brief period in San Francisco en route to Japan.

From a sketch of her life by Mrs. Paul Raymond we quote the following: "Educated at one of our best American colleges and enriched by wide travel, deep thinking, and practical achievement, Michi Kawai has blended these diverse experiences in a rare understanding of Oriental and Occidental life in their profoundest meaning that with her natural gift for leadership, easily places her among the foremost women of our day."

"You and I" are to have the great privilege and pleasure of meeting and hearing Miss Kawai, through the courtesy of the Ju Ai Kai. In a spirit typical of their name, the members cordially invite any and all who are interested to attend a reception to Miss Kawai, on Thursday afternoon, August 10th, at 2:30 o'clock at the St. Francis Hotel. This is the first public meeting that the Yu Ai Kai has planned since its organization, June 9th 1916. What it is, its aims, purposes and ideals will be fully told at that time, but a few words now will add to the interest. The Society is an outgrowth of two receptions recently held at the home of Mrs. Abiko in San Francisco, and Mrs. Takanoshin Domoto in Oakland in honor of Miss Margaret Matthew, National Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan. The interest aroused in those present for the work of the Japanese Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco, crystallized in the organization of a co-operating society of American women "that will lend sympathy and practical help along various lines to the efforts of the Japanese women to bring their countrywomen on the Coast under active Christian influences and thus Christianize the homes of which they are the central force." For this work what more beautiful name could have been chosen than "Yu Ai Kai" which means, interpreted, "Friendly Love Society."

At the reception a pleasing feature will be the presentation to Miss Kawai of a silken American flag by Mrs. E. G. Denniston, representing the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This will be in recognition of the presentation of a Japanese flag by the Tokyo Women's Club to the General Federation of Women's Clubs when they met at their biennial council in San Francisco. R. B. F.

MORE ABOUT ASILOMAR.

Elizabeth S. Benton.

The name brings up many mental pictures and beautiful memories. The fine buildings of the Y. W. C. A. and their wonderful location on the shore of the blue Pacific amid the pine trees and the sand dunes, made a setting worthy of this third and best Conference of the Missionary Education Movement on the Pacific Coast. The registration numbered 110 and Congregationalists had the second largest delegation, by far the greater number coming from Southern California.

While efficiency in the study and presentation of Missions was the avowed object of the gathering, such valuable by-products as spiritual uplift and practical unity among denominations will surely take equal rank in the memories of all there present.

It was truly "a little bit of Heaven" as Rev. Morris Ehnes, the New York Secretary of the M. E. M. was heard to remark. Not a little of the success of the Conference was due to the presence of this gifted leader who taught one of the Normal Classes in Mission Study, conducted many of the open parliaments and gave us glimpses into the missionary experiences in Africa.

Twenty missionaries were present throughout the ten days; rare men and women, radiating enthusiasm and helpfulness. Chief among these were Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Tracy, our veterans from Marsovan, Turkey. It was wonderful to hear their forty-six years' experience in one mission station; the labors and dangers through which they had passed, and to see them in the evening of life, so filled with the peace of God and undimmed enthusiasm for His work. Mrs. Tracy's beautiful face, framed in silvery hair, and the Doctor's wonderful spirit shining out of his worn and suffering body, will be one of the vivid pictures cherished in many a heart. All were stirred anew with pity for the members of their flock in such dire need in Turkey.

Mr. Luther Gulick was the youngest member of the faculty, having come from New York City, where he is taking a post-graduate course at Columbia College, to teach classes studying his father's book "America and the Orient" which is soon to be published.

Dr. H. H. Kelsey, secretary of the American Board, preached the first Sunday morning sermon and also led a class in Efficiency, using Fred B. Fisher's "How to Win" as a text-book.

Other text-books used were

South American Neighbors, Homer B. Stuntz;
Mexico Today, G. B. Winton;
The South Today, John M. Moore;
Immigrant Forces, William P. Shriver;

all taught by skilled leaders.

Graded Missionary Instruction in the Sunday School had the second hour of the morning and our own Mrs. L. C. Brockway of Pasadena led the Primary workers, while Prof. C. C. McCown, a member of the faculty of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, had charge of the work for Seniors.

The Open Parliaments during the last hour of the morning were very helpful. Encouraging reports were given of plans which had proven successful in arousing missionary interest, and problems and methods were discussed. Beginning with Wednesday the hour was divided into sectional conferences taking up such subjects as Women's Missionary Societies, Young People's Societies and Men's Organizations.

Afternoons of hearty fun, by means of various sports and sight seeing, relieved the tension of the morning's study and brought us to the Story Hour around the fire place at seven o'clock with hearts content and responsive to all good impulses. The beauty of those half hours of intimate association with noble lives thru the tales of brave endeavor out of the missionaries' experience, followed by the Vesper Service where we stood with faces to the setting sun and sang an evening hymn, will linger long in the hearts of every one privileged to enjoy them.

Services in the chapel began and ended each day, Dr. Francis of Los Angeles bringing vivid pictures and spiritual lessons out of the Gospel in the morning hour, while "The Missionary Education Movement," "Immigration" and "Missions" were topics for addresses on several evenings, Fridays being given up to denominational group meetings where fellowship was enjoyed and plans were discussed as to the best means of carrying our message back to our local churches.

Mention must be made of the famous "Stunt Night" when each Mission Study Class was asked to furnish one number on the program. Such vast results with so little to work with, the average suitcase not harboring "properties" to any great extent! Yet we had John D. Rockefeller visiting South America for investment purposes, with two real S. A. missionaries on hand, one to impersonate a Spanish Indian and the other in his true character to point out the resources of the country, introduce him to Spanish ladies and to an Indian maid of the Incas who told the story of her people's wrongs.

Another class using the same textbook, "South American Neighbors," gave reproductions in life of the illustrations. Four reverend and medical men solemnly chewing flour were easily recognized as "Docks and Flour Mills of Rio Janeiro". Types of the Indian races were developed by means of gray blankets, a waste paper basket and Panama hats worn upside down, forming the head gear. The four matrons of the class, weirdly garbed and with shut eyes, were introduced as ancient Incas idols, "all having been worshipped by some one!" "Chile" wrapped in bed quilt hovered over the fire; and the equestrian statue of Gen'l San Martin was achieved by means of a wooden saw horse with a bunch of grass tied on for tail, elevated to a spirited pose, while his valiant rider poised aloft a paper sword in statuesque fashion.

"The South Today" gave a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Mexico Today" exhibited living pictures of the various grades of Mexican society. The lovely mantillas and laces were from Mrs. Wallace's treasure store, she who came to be affectionately known as the "Lady from Mexico".

Definite impressions gained from the days of study together may be summarized as follows:

The necessity of having a missionary committee in every church, whose members shall represent every department and which shall plan the missionary program for the church year.

The value of Mission Study Classes, not only for the Women's Societies, but for all ages especially the men. Using the Wednesday evening meeting for study classes during Lent was suggested. The admirable text books for young people, make of missions a most fascinating subject, one to which they quickly respond.

The advantage of having graded instruction in this subject as in any other. Make the appeal on the score of "brothers across the ocean" to the little folks; thru the "eye gate" by means of pictures, curios and simple impersonations to those a little older. Use the craving for adventure which is characteristic of the Intermediates, and their love of hero worship to introduce to them the missionary saints and martyrs. This is the period when ideals are formed, and the desire to do must be utilized in practical ways.

The social instinct of the Seniors will lead them to be interested in the social value of Missions, and their desire for self-expression can be made a source of helpfulness thru telling missionary stories to younger classes, sewing for neighboring institutions or missionary boxes. The dramatic instinct will find expression in the admirable plays gotten out by the Mission Boards and the M. E. M.

In Women's Societies, a program with underlying thought for the year strongly urged. The Mission Study Text book suggested as foundation, outside material to be added. So many helps published make program committee's work easy. Sense of united effort along one line throughout the country proves stimulating.

On Stewardship: Property is an expression of personality. Personality and property are the medium for the expression of God within us.

Suggested Reading:

Geography and Atlas of Christian Missions, H. Beach;
History of Christian Missions, Chas. M. Robinson;
2000 Years Before Carey, Barnes;
*Daybreak in the Dark Continent, Wilson F. Naylor;
Missions From the Modern View, Hume;
*Social Aspects of Foreign Missions, Faunce;
Islam, Zwemer;
China's Book of Martyrs, Luella Miner;
Talks to Teachers, William James;
How to Study, W. F. McMurry;
Interest as Related to Will, Dr. John Dewey;
Principles of Teaching, E. L. Thorndike;
The Adolescent, J. W. Slaughter;
Human Behavior, Colvin and Bagley.

Study Books and Helps:

*The Missnonary Meeting in a Young People's Society, Edmund D. Soper:

*Missionary Methods for Sunday School Workers, Geo. H. Trull;

*Missionary Programs and Incidents, Geo. H. Trull.

*Makers of South America (Seniors), Margarette Daniels:

*The Land of the Golden Man (Juniors), Anita B. Ferris;

"Mission Study Class Manual, B. C. Milliken.

---

*May be ordered thru the Board Offices, 417 Market St., S. F.

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Some Congregationalists who registered in the Federate School of Missions at beautiful Mount Hermon, in the Santa Cruz mountains, July 17—22 were Mrs. W. C. Morken of San Francisco, treasurer of the Federate School, Mrs. A. R. Gilchrist of San Mateo, Mrs. H. F. Maddern, Mrs. E. P. Lissy of Stockton, Miss Carrie B. Millett of Boston, Mrs. E. M. Cook of Santa Cruz, E. W. Davis, Mrs. L. D. Parker, Miss Minnie Briggs, Miss Jennie Briggs, all of Santa Cruz. The attendance has been good this season, and hundreds have attended the stereopticon illustrated lectures, there being perhaps 500 or so filling the big tent on Thursday evening when Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, who has recently returned from a trip to South America, Panama, Cuba, and Porto Rico. Mrs. Hill has told the ladies many interesting things this week in her text-book classes on "Old Spain in New America." After the Panama Congress last February, the delegates divided into regional conferences, and Mrs. Hill was one of the party that went down the West Coast of South America to Peru, Mrs. Hill's intention being to go into the heart of the Andes, into Bolivia and the region of the Incas and the Pre-Incas. Before leaving New York, Mrs. Hill had inquired whether a woman alone could make the trip. The steamship company could not tell her. Now that she has returned, Mrs. Hill would not advise any other woman to attempt the trip, or any two women. She was not so much afraid of being robbed, but there is always the danger of falling ill, away from any one who can talk English.

At Lima, Peru, Mrs. Hill's delegation held the first great Protestant meeting ever held in that country, as Peru received religious liberty only last November. The meeting was held in the National Theater, Lima, was presided over by the Episcopal bishop of Brazil, and the languages used were Portuguese, Spanish, and English, interpretations being made.

After this conference Mrs. Hill left her party, to go on her own venturesome trip. She started at Mollendo on the Pacific, and went upward, the railway going through the two highest mountain passes in the world, an altitude of 15,000 feet being reached at one point. In order to avoid the effect of "siroche" or the mountain sickness brought on by such rarefied air, people are advised to stay for two or three days at Arequipa, 8000 feet above the sea. Near here is the South American observatory maintained by Harvard University. Here also is the volcano El Misti, and Mrs. Hill said there were earthquakes every fifteen minutes. It is very dangerous going directly to high altitudes. The vice-president of the First National Bank of New York, going up to a silver mine in this district, died from the altitude a while ago. Roswell E. Bates also died two or three years ago. He and his wife went up to Cuzco. He fell in convulsions, and died in a few days. Mrs. Hill had been warned not to stoop over, not to eat. She could not find decent food at such heights, and always carried oranges with her. At one hotel late at night she stumbled over a drunken Indian, whereupon she barricaded her door.

At one place, Cuzco, she stayed with an English missionary nurse, who hurried her into a tram to take her to the mission. The Indians piled into the tram, one Indian sitting in Mrs. Hill's lap. The smells were dreadfull. Cuzco is the ancient capital of the Incas. The Indians do not speak Spanish, but an old dialect. Mrs. Hill spent three days on Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world. She was the only woman on the boat and none of the officers spoke English. The boat approached as near as possible to the Island of the Sun, in the center of the lake. Mrs. Hill showed her evening audience some stereopticon pictures of the ancient Inca walls, made of huge granite blocks, weighing sometimes from thirty-six to fifty tons, chiseled to fit into one another, for the Incas used no mortar.

The Peruvians and Bolivians are very cruel to the Indians. Many Indians are taken down from these extreme heights to recruit the Peruvian army. Being taken immediately to sea-level, the Indians' lungs almost burst. The Indians die of hemorrhage or tuberculosis.

To kill an Indian is nothing. The manager of a gold mine between Peru and Bolivia told Mrs. Hill that the overseer in the mine had killed eighteen Indians within three months. The only way the deaths became known to the company was that the Indians did not appear at pay time for their money. Government would do nothing about such a thing. It would be only an Indian who was killed. Mrs. Hill visited La Paz in Bolivia, the highest capital city in the world. Her account of her trip and her many pictures were very interesting to Mount Hermon listeners.

A new feature at Mount Hermon this year was the Children's Story Hour, conducted by Miss Mabel Bevier, resident teacher at the Methodist Deaconess Home, San Francisco. Miss Katherine Mawrer, Methodist deaconess working among the immigrants at Angel Island spoke one evening on her work, illustrated with stereopticon views of the Japanese "picture brides," the Hindus, Koreans, and other immigrants at Angel Island. We had the pleasure of having in the audience that evening Assisstant Commissioner Bryce of Angel Island Immigration work.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 19, was held an interdenominational rally, addressed by missionaries from different countries, and by missionary workers. Our missionary was from Siam, two from Africa, one man representing the work of the American Bible Society in China, one young lady being a teacher in the Methodist Spanish School at Los Angeles, etc.

Other speakers were Mrs. Ella M. Humbert, teacher of the History of Missions in the Bible University of Oregon (Christian denomination); Rev. Geo. W. Brewster, D. D., who gave a reading of "The Other Wise Man," illustrated by stereopticon; Mrs. Effie L. Cunningham, national secretary of the Christian Woman's Board; Dr. Harry O. Breeden of Fresno, who spoke on "The Inspiration of the Scriptures." The daily Normal Class was conducted by Mrs. O. P. Bell of San Francisco, to whom we own a debt of gratitude. The program of the Federate School of Missions has been full of good things. The sessions were pre-

sided over daily by the chairman, Mrs. N. E. Gallaway of Healdsburg.

Mary E. Bamford,
Press Sec. Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions.

CHINA AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE TREATY.

By K. K. Kawakami, Author of "American-Japanese Relations," "Asia at the Door."

The conclusion of a new treaty between Russia and Japan, coming as it did, in the wake of China's acceptance of the now historic demands, has been received with much foreboding and apprehension in certain quarters. The real nature of the new pact, however, justifies no such alarm. Stripped of all diplomatic verbiage, it simply aims to secure the respective positions of Japan and Russia in Mongolia and Manchuria.

There is nothing extraordinary or portentous in this consummation of Russo-Japanese negotiations. Wisdom requires that the Mikado strive to establish friendly relations with the Czar. A small country with limited resources, Japan cannot afford to be at loggerheads with the Northern Colossus. She should not repeat, if she can possibly help it, the herculean struggle of 1904-05, in which she staked her very existence for the sake of China's integrity and open door. After the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives and $100,000,000 in the single-handed struggle with Russia, Japan received no credit, but much aspersion and execration, for what she really accomplished for China.

It is common opinion among Americans that the United States initiated the open door policy and was instrumental in maintaining China's integrity. This is one of the greatest illusions in history. Before Secretary Hay issued the famous open door notes in September, 1899, and July, 1900, Great Britain enunciated the same principle. But neither England nor the United States, when confronted by the imminent danger of China's disruption, made any effort to back the doctrine they proclaimed. To one European power, Russia, at least the American notes were not worth the paper on which they were written. Upon receipt of Secretary Hay's first note, dated September 8, 1899, Russia not only expressed hersef in favor of reserving for herself the right to levy special customs duties within her sphere of influence, but demurred upon the American proposal with regard to harbor duties and railway charges. With characteristic audacity she hoisted, on August 4, 1900, the Russian flag over the Chinese customs house at Newchwang. She poured her troops into Manchuria and was preparing her way for the immediate absorption of a territory of 363,700 square miles. Russia, in short, completely ignored Mr. Hay's open door notes.

Put to this test, what did America do? Not only did she not take any positive action to enforce the open door policy, but she declined to assist a nation which was determined to stay the Russian advance. It is a matter of diplomatic record that in the early spring of 1901, when the Russian encroachment upon China assumed ominous aspect, Japan approached the United States, Germany, and England with a view to secure their cooperation in checkmating the Russian absorption of Manchuria. None of the three powers gave encouraging reply. Even the United States, generally supposed to be the sponsor for the open door policy, turned a deaf ear to Japan's appeal.

Had it not been for the sword of the doughty Japanese, the much-heralded open-door notes would have been converted into a "scrap of paper" at the hands of the Muscovite. Had this come to pass other European powers would have quickly followed the example set by Russia, resulting in the immediate dismemberment of the Celestial Empire. It was no secret at that time that the chancellories of Europe were seriously talking of the break-up of China. In challenging Russia in 1904, Japan, therefore, fought not only for her own existence, but for China's integrity and open door.

It must, however, be frankly admitted, what the Japanese are reluctant to admit, that Japan's efforts to preserve China's integrity succeeded only partly. When the smoke cleared away from the fields of battle, Japan found Russia just as strongly entrenched in Manchuria as before the war. It had been Japan's avowed purpose to drive Russia from Manchuria, but before she had reached anywhere near the goal her resources were exhausted. Upon the termination of the war, Russia was not only enabled to hold by far the largest part of Manchuria, but diverted her activities into Mongolia through which she hopes to reach and dominate Peking.

Russia was quick to take advantage of China's chaotic condition consequent on the revolution of 1911. The result was the conclusion of the Russo-Mongolian treaty of October 3, 1912, establishing a Russian suzerainty over Mongolia.

England, ever on the alert to counteract the Russian advance, at once took action in Tibet. Beginning with Colonel Younghusbands spectacular expedition to Lassa in 1905, England was busy fostering her influence in Tibet, and by 1912 there were stationed in that territory at least 5,000 British troops. In the same year, England and Russia entered into a secret understanding, dividing between them Mongolia and Tibet as their respective spheres of interests. It was reported that in February, 1913, England persuaded the Dalai Lama to borrow $10,000,000 from her and to purchase from her manufacturers all the arms and ammunition that Tibet might need. The Lama also agreed to confer upon British capitalists the exclusive rights to exploit the natural resources of Tibet.

In the meantime China, rent by revolution, was powerless to protect her outlying territories. She made only a feint of protest, which was, of course, completely ignored by Russia and England. To know something of the portentous possibilities of the British and Russian policies in China, one need only think of the vastness of the territories which they have staked out for themselves. Russia claims as her sphere of influence Outer Mongolia (1,000,000 square miles), Sinkiang (548,000 square miles), and North Manchuria (273,000 square miles) totaling 1,821,000 square miles. Great Britain claims Tibet (533,000 square miles), Sze-chuan (218,000 square miles), Kwangtung (86,800 square miles), and the provinces along the lower reaches of the Yangtse River (about 362,000 square miles), making a total of 1,199,000 square miles. In the south, France claims Yunnan (146,700 square miles) as her sphere of influence. Before the war Germany claimed Shangtung (55,900 square miles) from whence she was scheming to expand in various directions.

In the face of such a condition, what can Japan do but accept the inevitable and play the game as Europe plays it. Japan's power and resources are too limited to undertake once again the thankless task of preserving China's integrity, only to be awarded with suspicions and slander

from Western critics. As long as European powers are vying with one another in encroaching upon China's territory, it is imperative that Japan should strengthen her hold upon China and thus prepare herself against any eventuality that may develop in that agitated country. As against the vast spheres of influence established in China by Russia and England, Japan's sphere measures but 204,600 square miles, consisting of South Manchuria (990,000 square miles), Eastern Inner Mongolia (50,000 square miles), Fukien (46,000 square miles), and a section of Shangtung (18,600 square miles).

To understand more fully Europe's relentless aggression in China we may trace a little further the diplomatic history of the Far East. In 1841 England, as the result of the Opium war, took Hongkong. In 1860 Russia swindled China out of the vast maritime province lying to the north of the Amour River. In the same year the allied forces of England and France pillaged Peking and laid the magnificent Summer Palace in ashes. In 1874 France wrung Annam from China, and in 1885 Tonquin was also taken by the same power. In 1887 even Portugal cut Macao out of the huge pie. In 1897 Germany occupied Kiao-chow. This event was followed in rapid succession by the Russian seizure of the Kwantung peninsula in December, 1897; the British lease of Wei-hai-wei in April, 1898; and the British lease of Kowloon peninsula in June, 1898. Even Italy demanded in February, 1899, the lease of Sammun Bay on the coast of Chekiang as a naval base.

Japan's recent activities in China can be understood and appreciated only when viewed in proper historical perspective such as I have just described. To condemn her recent demands upon China as a downright outrage is to ignore the delicate and complicated international relations in the net of which China is caught fast. If the United States would have Japan act as the champion of China's integrity she must emerge from her traditional aloofness and be ready to come to Japan's assistance not with words but with the prowess of her army and navy. To proclaim China's integrity is one thing; to enforce it is quite another.

REPORT ON A BIBLE SYLLABUS FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

On the 12th of July a committee, of which Professor S. P. McCrea of the Sequoi Union High School of Redwood City was chairman, made a report to the High School Association at its third meeting, on a Bible Syllabus for California Secondary Schools.

Other members of the committee were Professor C. E. Rugh of the University of California, William John Cooper of the Oakland Technical School, and Lewis B. Avery, Assistant Superintendent of the Oakland schools. The committee reported that on account of legal difficulties in the way it would ask a ruling of the State Board of Education on the following matters:

1. Has the individual public High School the power and authority to determine what subjects shall be given credit toward graduation?

2. May credit be given for instrumental music taken under teachers not members of the faculty of the High School, and either certificated or uncertificated by the State?

3. May credit be given for literary and historical study of the Bible when taken in Sunday Schools and under other agencies outside the High School whether or not under teachers duly certificated by the State?

Until such a ruling can be had the committee give their indorsement to the Bible Study Syllabus issued by the State Sunday School Association of Colorado for the students of High Schools, and recommend that this work be undertaken wherever there is a local demand for its introduction in public high school courses.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONS. FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LOS ANGELES FIRST CHURCH.

The Interdenominational Summer School of Missions, held this year in the First Congregational Church, closed its sessions July 14th after an unusually successful meeting. The attendance was uniformly large and the speakers, Mrs. H. L. Hill of New York and Mrs. L. E. McCanne of New Mexico, presented the subjects of home and foreign missions very acceptably.

Mrs. Hill, who conducted the lessons in the book "Old Spain in New America," was well equipped for the task, having just returned from a tour through Porto Rico, Cuba and South America and therefore had first-hand information. She was also a delegate to the Panama Conference, and presented the subject of home missions in a most convincing way. In discussing the superstitions of Mexicans, which exercise such a strong influence on their lives, she asked the suggestive question:

"But, have not we Americans some superstitions too? How about knocking on wood, thirteen at table, beginning a journey on Friday and all the others?"

When we stop to think about it, laugh as we may at the superstitions of other nationalities—we Americans are a superstitious race. We have a fear of beginning any really important undertaking on Friday, and yet, Friday is a day of exceptionally good omen to Americans. Look up history if you don't believe it. Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery on Friday; he discovered America on Friday; he started on his return voyage to Spain on Friday; he arrived at Palos on Friday; a year and a half later when he returned to America he landed on Friday; St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States was founded on Friday; the Mayflower landed the Pilgrim Fathers on Friday; George Washington was born on Friday; Bunker Hill was fortified on Friday; Saratoga surrendered on Friday; Yorktown surrendered on Friay—and yet we Americans fear Friday!

There is a ludicrous tale about the "thirteen-at-table" superstition illustrating the aversion of that fatal number. A banker was giving a little dinner to which ten guests had been bidden, this number, beside himself and wife, making an even dozen. Shortly before the dinner was announced a friend from the East dropped in. The host hastily telephoned to his office and summoned his cashier who duly appeared to the great relief of the banker, increasing the number of guests to fourteen. Just as dinner was about to be served, a mesenger brought a note to one of the guests saying that his mother had been taken violently ill. He had to leave at once, and again consternation reigned till the cashier volunteered to depart. No sooner had he gone than the family physician heaved in sight. Of course hospitality had to be extended to him but luckily, the cashier was caught before he had gone three blocks and brought back. Finally, just as the party was about to adjourn to the dining room, the hostess, who was a delicate woman

and who had been unduly excited at the bare possibility of sitting at table with thirteen, fainted dead away and had to be put to bed. There was nothing for it but for the cashier to go and dine, with what appetite he might, at the nearest restaurant.

And yet we laugh at the superstitions of less enlightened people than ourselves.

The total registered attendance at the School of Missions was nearly 1100, Congregationalists ranking third in denominational delegates—Methodists and Presbyterians leading.

Dr. Francis' Bible Interpretation.

A feature of the School was the daily interpretations of the Bible by Dr. James A. Francis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city. He is famous the country over for his graphic and vivid presentation of scriptural truths. With clear and comprehensive vision he reveals the meaning of the Word of God in a way that grips the heart and the understanding. On Sunday evening, July 9th, Dr. Francis exchanged pulpits with Dr. William Horace Day and delivered in First Church his eloquent address on "The Book that Changed the World," the same address that he gave last summer in the great open air auditorium on the Exposition grounds at San Diego on the occasion of the celebration of the Bible Centenary. He has just returned from Asilomar where he delivered daily addresses before the Missionary Educational Conference and he is booked for lectures at the great mother Chautauqua in Western New York for next month.

Birthday of the First Church.

The observation of the forty-ninth birthday anniversary of the First Church was an event of the past week. The celebration began on Wednesday night which marked the thirteenth anniversary of the dedication of the present church building. The birthday banquet announced for that evening drew such a crowd that the parish building as a dining hall proved inadequate to accommodate the throng. Tables were laid in all the surrounding corridors but still the old Mother Church found herself in the fix of the old woman in the shoe. As always, rising gracefully to meet the emergency, the pastor, Dr. William Horace Day headed a delegation of more than sixty, including the president of the board of trustees and several church officials, in a sortie on the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria in the next block where they hastily dined and then returned to the church for the after-dinner program and to partake of the huge birthday cake with its forty-nine candles and topped with a perfect miniature model of the church. Dr. Day acted as toastmaster and wit and wisdom flew fast and furious as responses came from the different departments of the church. It was a source of great gratification to the church family that the one living charter member—Mrs. Amanda Scott—in whose home the church was organized nearly half a century ago, was present. Greetings were read from many members and from one of the seven former pastors, Rev. A. J. Wells. It is a remarkable fact that but seven pastorates have preceded the present one in this church during its long pilgrimage.

Last Sunday there was a special birthday service. The seats in the center section were reserved for members of twenty years standing and the seven official boards and heads of departments occupied seats on the platform. A feature of the introductory service was the Processional of the boys and girls of the Church Worship League who entered bearing church flags while the congregation sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and afterward joined the young people in repeating the pledge of allegiance to the flag and to the church.

In the children's story which is always a prelude to the sermon for adults, Dr. Day gave an interesting account of how the church started, away back almost fifty years ago. Briefly he sketched its history, from that first little building at Temple and New High Streets where all denominations worshiped on occasion, in this, the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles which then numbered seven members—and now has grown to 2300 including three foreign branches. In harmony with the occasion Dr. Day chose for his subject the significant words, "He Went to Church," from Acts 3:1,6,7, telling the story of Peter going up into the temple at the hour of prayer and healing the lame man.

Altogether the past week has been a great one in the annals of the First Church. SYDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, July 24.

INVOCATIONS.

A California pastor who found it difficult to have a new thought in the invocations at the service of worship has written an invocation for each Sunday of the year. Some are as follows:

Lord of Hosts—

We thank thee for the ministry of angels. Angels who came in the past to warn Lot—to oppose Baalim—to inspire Jacob—to proclaim the new born Christ—and to encourage the disciples who looked into the empty tomb. These were angels of history—they lived in the past and fulfilled their mission. Often we have asked for angels to guide in this age, and lo! we hear thy voice proclaiming the angels of to-day. Education is an angel of light leading us out of error into truth. Ambition is an angel which reveals the heights to our flagging energies. Children are angels divine, directing our steps from the impure toward the pure, and every good and virtuous mother is as the angel of the Lord, patiently leading civilization higher to the ideal state.

Forbid that we should pass these angels of to-day.

Through Jesus Christ—Amen.

Father of Our Spirits—

My lamp of faith has turned brightly, but alas! its' flame is fitful and uncertain. I have used it to reveal the invisible, to dissolve the angel in the sinners, and to assure me that the distant prize though unseen is real. I bring my lamp to Thee—replenish it with the oil of thy spirit—that it may burn brighter and guide some lonely pilgrim through the night.

In Thy name—Amen.

Children's Day.

O God of Manhood and the Child:—

Listen to men, we beseech thee, as they pray for paths down which the feet of children pass. There are elements in our manhood which are priceless, we would not lose them. We would lose the false, the unreal, and the artificial. Fire our spirits with the enthusiasm of the child, renew our weakened faith that we may see the invisible, and reclothe us with the white garments of childlike purity, sincereity, and love, then and not until then shall we be privileged to behold thy face.

Through Christ our Lord—Amen.

CHURCH NEWS.

Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, has had supplies and has made arrangements as follows: July 2 and 9, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Cull; July 16, Dr. Gilchrist of the San Francisco Bible College; July 23, the Rev. George Laughton of Hilo, a former pastor; July 30, the Rev. John Brereton of Woodland. Mr. Hart went to New Jersey the last of June and is supplying now at Newark.

The Home.

A GRACE.

For our lives, Thy goodness blessing,
For our home and all its love,
May our hearts, their debt confessing,
Turn to Thee, O God above.

GETTING THE JUMP ON PEOPLE.

With all the intention in the world to do the right thing, and the best thing, the reason why so many of us fail to do it is because we do not know when to do it. We entertain all sorts of worthy purposes toward others, but day after day they meet with defeat because we wait too long before carrying them into action. We all know what it is to have

"the native hue of resolution
Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

A first-rate thinker is one who knows when to stop thinking and take the plunge and act.

Dr. Cabot, the physician, says that "getting the jump" on any one is an expression in modern slang of a spiritual truth that sustains the life of industry, and invigorates science as well as religion.

Take the Golden Rule, for example. All of us entertain noble thoughts of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. We would really like to do it first. We wait for him to take the initiative in it, and in the general hesitation all around as to who shall begin to do the right, gracious thing, everybody does the mistaken thing, and each person in the group wonders pathetically why everything should go wrong when he himself really wanted it to go right. One of the main points in the Golden Rule is when to obey it. It means taking the initiative and not waiting for anybody else.

The people who make the joy and brightness of social life, and give the atmospere to our homes, and save the sweetness of our neighborhoods, are not people who are so very much better inclined than the rest of us, but they are people who "do it first" and do not wait for anybody.

There are neighborhoods, societies, churches, and families that have nearly lost their charm and their health because the "hang-back" habit has gotten hold of every one. Each waits to see what the rest will do. Thoughts of precedence and what belongs to our dignity dull and discourage those bright upspringing impulses that are the glory of social life. Those who are always mysteriously doing the right thing are just those people who do constantly, and at last instinctively, what others thought it beneath them to do.

A single day would suffice to gladden us with the blessing of entirely new surroundings if we resolved to get the "jump on people" in every encounter and meeting we have, and determined to set the tone of it ourselves, waiting for nothing. Others may do what they please; this is our line, we are going to do thus and so. We shall meet with diffident people who have been waiting for some one to go more than half-way. Well, go more than half-way with them, and they can hardly forgive themselves for not taking the victory which you carried off so easily. The honors all went to you. We shall meet with grouchy people, and it will never do to let them set the figure for the day. If you think to overcome diffidence or grouchiness, you will have reason to know what an agony social life can become. But you will be happily amazed at the change in people when you "shoot into their souls a message of welcome, of encouragement, and faith."

We talk a great deal about love as if it were some high degreee of warmth and affection to which some favored natures attain because of better endowments than others have. We are always thinking that others are more generously constituted than we are. But more likely than not the greater power of loving that others have is simply in their greater willingness to act first. Conquering their natural vanity, which would like to have other make the first move, they make it themselves. Very soon they are taken to be exceptional people, and others wonder where they got their happier endowment. They are not conscious of possessing greater affectional powers than other people, but they have broken out of their wretched habit of waiting for others to act first, and they act first themselves. Finding that nobody came to them they began to go to people, to make approaches and follow them up. There may have been set-backs and snubs and chagrins, as there are likely to be with any experiment worth while, but they have mastered a new way of life which they would not exchange for the old suspicious, tormenting, half-way life they used to live.

This football phrase puts roughly what John the Divine made the central wonder of the Incarnation. God had taken the initiative in everything. If he had not, there would have been no hope for us. We love because he first loved us, and all the way through Christ has kept on doing things first. He continued to do them first, even where there seemed to be no one to do them second. It was all quite independent of them. Christ took his own line, and sometimes it was a bitter, lonely one. God commended his own love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. We go a little way in love, but often we measure it very precisely, we know just where to stop, we are afraid it will be wasted. But love ould be very little if there were not a great deal in it that could never even be appreciated at the time. Whatever difficulty any of us may be in at the present moment we may be sure it is a difficulty of love in one or another of its multitudinous forms. Everything comes back to that. We may have gone all wrong about it, but we recover our bearings by gaining again a clear view of the love of Christ still taking the initiative always and everywhere. That unchangeable current brings our lives back as the great polar attractions draws the needle after all its waverings have ceased. Initiative means a cross, but the joys that are set before it are sufficient.

When we find ourselves dreaming of what we could

do if we had wealth, or fame, or popularity, or place, we need to remind ourselves that each of us has power to change and influence in every direction by exercising this this power of initiative in doing the thing Christ wants done. The hang-back tendency may have made greater inroads upon our spirit than we imagine. It may be we have loved a good deal, and then fallen into thinking how much we have loved and how little it has accomplished. This is always bad and unwholesome. Our lives expand more through their outgo than their intake. These timid, calculating, suspicious lives of ours may all change when, no longer fearing what men shall do unto us, we get back "the native hue of resolution," devise liberal things for them, and try "to get the jump on them" by ourselves creating the atmosphere in which they are to act.

The greatest changes in our lives must result from clearer visions of how God acts toward us, and then from the attitude we take toward our fellow-men. These are the only things we can absolutely make sure of. Success and happiness are constantly endangered when we let them depend on what some one else may do. The best way to insure the attitude of others toward us is to lay all our stress upon our attitude toward them.

We can begin to-day. We can go out of our front door in the morning sure of this one thing, how we are going to treat people. All the people we meet are alike in this: they all like to be liked, they all love to be loved. What lifts any one above the common level is to realize that in the matter of love the great point is to love first.—Sunday School Times.

WHEN A CHILD ASKS "WHY?"

"When a child asks the meaning of a word, don't give a hasty or careless answer, but remember that a good use for story telling is to illustrate a word with it," advised a certain mother. "Weave a little story about the word, when you have time, and show the child how to use the word as well as merely learn its meaning."

"For example, my little daughter recently asked me what the word 'advertisement' meant, and I found afterward that I had fixed it in her thought by the following episode built around it. I told her to suppose that some one in our department house wanted to start selling lunches nice hot ones, to the children in the school building across the street. How was she going to let the children know about it? She didn't have a store where the children could look in the window and see all the good things she had for them to eat, and the little tables waiting for them, but she lived upstairs, around the other side of the building. How would they find out she had such a lunchroom?

" 'Well,' she reflected, 'she could stand by the school gate and tell all the pupils as they went in.'

"Yes, but that would take too much time, and, besides, it would be difficult for her to speak to every one of a thousand children," I answered. "What she must do, you see, is to write it down somewhere where every one of the children or their parents will see it. So she does two things; first she writes down on a piece of paper a little note saying that she has delicious hot lunches for school children, and she gets the principal to tack this up on a bulletin board in the hall. But the parents do not see that notice; so she goes down-town to the place where our newspaper is made, and tells them that she has a luchroom for children in that neighborhood. The paper man tells her that, if she will pay him a certain amount of money, he will give her a little corner in the newspaper where she can have printed anything she wants to say about the lunchroom.

"So, next morning when the paper comes, tucked away at one side is a little piece of reading which tells the parents that on the third floor of the apartment across the street from our school is a lunchroom where their children can get hot soup or sandwiches or milk, all for so many cents each. They are very glad to know that there is a pleasant room so near the school where their boys and girls can get something hot, so they give them the money and that very noon the little lunchroom is filled with children. The scholars kniw just exavtly where the lunchroom is because the little note on the bulletin-board tells them.

"Now the little message that is put in the paper is called an 'advertisement.' Sometimes they are little notes like the lunchroom lady's, somtimes they are great big notes that fill a whole page in the newspaper; sometimes they are printed on big signboards along the road: but they are all 'advertisements,' whenever a person has something to tell a great many people and puts it where they can al see it.

"Don't be eager to tell too much or complicate the story by too many details. Let the child be carried along by the current of its own interest and wait for the ideas which occur to it from its own questionings. Then the answer will be clear and instructive in the little thought and the word will be correctly used from that time on."

For The Children.

THE STORY OF IN-DOOR SUN.

Once on a time, in far Japan,
There lived a busy little man,
So merry and so full of fun
That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and in mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad,
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew,
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, every one
Began to smile on In-door Sun!

Now try this just one day and see
How bright and smiling you can be;
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an "in-door sun"!

—Inez G. Thompson, in Little Folks.

HOW THE BEAN BROTHERS WOKE UP.

"Here are five little Bean Brothers for you," said mother one morning, dropping something into Boykin's hand. "They have been in bathing all night long."

"With their clothes on too," exclaimed Boykin; their little white coats are all wrinkled."

"You'd better put them to bed right away," suggested mother. "Here's a flower-pot on the sunny window-sill. The fresh soft earth will make a fine bed for the Bean Brothers. And if they have a good nap, who knows what will happen?"

So Boykin put them to bed in the soft, brown earth and covered them up snugly. Day after day the Bean Brothers slept soundly and showed not a single sign of waking up. Then one morning one Bean Brother poked up a tiny bit of slim green back, out from under the bedclothes, but his head he kept safe underneath.

"Come, get up, you sleepyhead," cried Boykin, and, taking hold of Bean Brother's back he pulled him straight out of bed.

"Oh, see," he called to mother, "Bean Brother has a leg, too, a long spindly one."

"Better put him back again, if you can, and let the others sleep a little longer. It's not time for them to be up yet," mother told him.

Next day the other Bean Brothers had poked up their little bent backs too, but Boykin only watched them and sprinkled their bed with fresh water. Day by day the Bean Brothers pushed up their backs higher.

"A funny way to get out of bed," declared Boykin; "they hump themselves up like green caterpillars."

Then one day the strongest of the Bean Brothers ventured to pull himself away from the warm bedclothes, but he could not stand up straight, and drooped his head sleepily.

"Oh, see, mother," cried Boykin, "Bean Brother has grown out of his old coat and split it in two."

True enough, what Boykin had called Bean Brother's coat before he had tucked him into bed was hanging in two pieces to his side.

Pretty soon the other Bean Brothers pulled themselves out from under the bedclothes. Then little by little they all straightened up and lifted their green plumy heads. Th old coats clinging to their sides shrank and shrivelled and finally dropped off altogether.

Boykin picked up two of the wrinkled bits.

"His coat is all worn out," said he.

"He won't need it again," mother explained. "But it was a good coat in its day and a wonderful one too, for it not only kept Bean Brother warm when he was a tiny baby, but it gave him food so that he could grow into this nice tall Bean plant."

"And will he always live in this flower-pot?" asked Boykin.

"No," answered mother; "when he is stronger we will take him and his four brothers out of this bed and put them in a corner of our big garden, where you can watch them."—Rebecca Deming Moore, in Mothers' Magazine.

AT THE PARTY.

Gladys was all ready for the party, dressed in a white dress with a pink sash. But before mother kissed her good-bye she said: "What do you go to the party for, my dear?"

"To have a good time," beamed Gladys.

"That is only half of it," said mother. "You go to help the other children have a good time, too. Will you remember?"

"Yes," said Gladys, and she skipped down the steps.

Gladys was a shy child, and she was somewhat overcome by the party after she got to Anna's house. All the boys and girls were dressed in their best clothes, and they sat up straight in their chairs and looked at one another bashfully. Gladys got into a chair too and swung her feet and looked across at Isabel, who was her best friend, but who seemed a stranger now. Presently the girl next to he leaned over and whispered: "I'm not having a bit of fun at this party. Are you?"

Gladys did not answer. She had to have time to consider. Then she saw that Anna had heard, and Anna's eyes were filling with tears because they did not like her party. Then Gladys remembered what her mother had told her.

How could she help the others have a good time? Then she noticed a frightened-looking little girl in the corner, and she went over to her. "Do you like to play 'Here Goes Bluebird Through the Window'?"

"Yes," whispered the little girl.

"Let's start it, then. This is such a nice, big room, and we can play it fine."

Then the frightened little girl took Glady's hand, and both of them went to get Anna first, because it was her party. Then the other girls and boys came to see what they meant to do, and in a moment they had made their circle and were singing and skipping as happily as could be.

After that every one had a good time. The time flew so quickly that they were surprised when they were called to eat supper, for after that it was time to go home.

"Oh, what a lovely party!" said the children, as they came to the table. "Didn't we have a lovely time?"

And Anna't eyes were beaming because they liked her party.

"What a nice child Gladys is!" said Anna's mother when the children were gone. "She is the kind that every one loves to have at a party."—Zelia Walters.

THE CROW THAT WASN'T AFRAID.

"I believe they laugh at my scarecrow," grandpa said.

"Yes, they do; I heard 'em," Perley cried. "They got together in a regular conflagration (Perley meant congregation) and laughed out loud—Oh, very loud! 'Caw, caw, caw!'—if that isn't their way of saying, 'Haw, haw, haw!' then I'm mistaken."

Grandpa smiled. But it got to be no smiling matter at all. Things began to look serious indeed out in the corn patch. At last grandpa hit upon a device. He came in to breakfast one morning looking quite satisfied and happy.

"I've got 'em now," he said, complacently.

"Got who, David?" dear old grandma asked.

"The crows, every mother's son of 'em! Let 'em dig up my corn rows now if the want to.. "I've spread that enormous blue umbrella that they whole family used to go to meeting under when I was a boy. I've got it out there in the middle of my corn patch in a triumphant procession of his own. "I guess they'll laugh on the inside of their mouths now," he exulted.

But that noon at dinner time Perley came in out of th blazing sunlight with his little red, moist face drawn down lengthily. He vaited till after grandpa asked the blessing

and filled all the plates. It was hard work to "break it" to grandpa; but when you have a thing to do, you had better do it before you begin on your mashed potatoes and chicken. It was good reasoning, and Perley straightened in his chair. "Grandpa," he said, solemnly, "there's a crow sitting under that umbrella down in the corn patch. I saw him. He looked real cool and comfortable, out o' the sun."—Primary Education.

SUCH PIES AS MOTHER NEVER MADE.

What pies are very conducive to sleepness?—Poppies.

What pies were considered very annoying in olden times?—Harpies.

What pies do school boys usually dislike?—Copies.

What pies consider themselves quite swell?—Chappies.

What pies might bite you?—Puppies.

What pies might we sit under?—Canopies.

What pies are noisy and mischievous?—Magpies.

What pies prance around the water?—Kelpies.

What pies are placed on the table but never eaten?—Nappies.

OUTSIDE OF TRUTH THERE IS NO SOVEREIGNITY.

The truth is this: All sovereignty is in God, in the moral law, in the providential design which governs the world—and which is gradually revealed by the inspiration of men of virtuous genius, and by the natural tendency of humanity in the different epochs of its existence—in the purpose which we have to attain, and the mission which we have to fulfil. There is no sovereignty in the individual, there is none in society except in so far as the one and the other conform to that design, to that law, and direct themselves toward the attainment of that purpose. An individual who rules is either the best interpreter of the moral law and governs in its name, or a usurper to be overthrown. The mere vote of a majority does not constitute sovereignty, if it is evidently adverse to the supreme moral law, or deliberately closes the way to future progress. Social good, liberty, progress; outside these three terms there can be no sovereignty.—Mazzini.

WHAT THE FRECKLES SHOW.

She's as sweet a little lass
As the clover in the grass,
  And a group of saucy freckles mark her nose.
They are kisses of the sun,
And they stand out one by one
  Like the stamens 'mid the petals of the rose.

All the freckles on her face
Are an alphabet to trace
  Memoranda of vacation's wholesome play.
In their dotted lines one reads
Tales of merry thoughts and deeds
  That long hours of school life will not fade away.

Bare feet in the shallow brook,
Mud pies left for sun to cook,
  Work on dandelion curls and daisy chains,
Romps for butterflies and bees,
Swings beneath the apple trees—
  All are written in those amber, sun-kissed stains.

Tales of healthful open air,
Hat flung for the grass to wear,
  Games of jolly "tag" or "Crusoe" on the lawn,
Hunts for birds in hidden nests,
Warm and weary berry quests
  That have kept the small feet busy since the dawn—

All these do the freckles show
In each dusky, zigzag row,
  And they give the little lass an added grace.
They're the rank marks of the sun
In a school of health and fun.
  Who'd erase them from the merry, dimpled face?

—Adalena Dyer in The Congregationalist.

Kindergarten Normal School

State Accredited List.

After June 1st Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal School will be in its permanent home at

2748 ASHBY AVE., BERKELEY,

Until then address:

Miss Grace Everett Barnard,

Hotel Shattuck, Berkeley, Cal.

MOTHS IN FEATHERS.

Moths will not get into feather pillows, feather beds, etc., unless the ticks are ripped or torn, but should they infest feathers, the best remedy is to boil the feathers for half an hour or more, then thoroughly dry them. Soaking the pillows in gasoline is equally effective.

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet Address, THE REGISTRAR.

Pacific Theological Seminary

Located at

BERKELEY

Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Address **PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.**

MILLS COLLEGE

A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Suburbs of Oakland, California.

A College of high standards and excellent equipment. Entrance requirements equivalent to those of the University of California and Stanford University. Recommended students received in either University class for class. Twenty-one departments. Fine opportunities in Home Economics, Library Study, Music and Art, Modern Gymnasium and outdoor life in ideal climate. A Christian College, undenominational. Semesters open September, 1916, and February, 1917.

For Catalogue and Information,

Address,

REGISTRAR, Mills College P. O., Calif.